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(For the Windham County Democrat.)

To Mr and Mrs E. K. Blanchard of Whitingham, on the death of a child.

Little Homer has passed away,
Too lovely far for earth;
Hushed is the music of his voice
Around thy social hearth.

Those dove-like eyes, so bright and fair,
No more will look on thee;
That cherished form now sleeps in death,
His face no more ye see.

That home, once brightened by his smile,
How cheerless now and lone!
That vacant seat, how oft, alas,
It prompts the silent moan!

'Weep not for me, my mother dear,'
Methinks I hear him say,
'Will you not come to that blest land?
Mother, sister, come away.'

'Oh, I am happy now, dear mother,
The angels with me stay;
Yet father, mother, sister dear,
Will miss me night and day.'

Whitingham, Vt. S. W. H.

From the Family Circle and Parlor Annual.

Female Education.--No. II.

BY NELSON SIZER, ESQ.

In our article on this subject in the December number, our remarks were devoted entirely to the training of the body, which, as we conceive, lies at the foundation of all human education. The body is to the mind what the frame-work of the steamer, and its boiler and fuel, are to the engine. This can not make a single revolution, or serve any valuable purpose, without a frame-work to sustain it, and steam to impart propulsion, nor can the mind, in our present state, give token of its high original, without bodily health and strength.

Cast a glance over the catalogue of our mental giants of the present day—our leading speakers and thinkers, in the pulpit, senate, and lecture-room, and we will find them, every one, having a vigorous body as well as mind. Many men can think with a comparatively slender constitution, but they can not, as speakers and actors, move mankind and electrify the world. He who would do more for the world than merely to exert an occasional gleam of genius, should lay the strong and deep foundation of his power in a sound well educated body. Then he will have the vital force requisite to sustain the mind in long and vigorous action, and realize the hopes himself and his friends cherished in the development of his mental nature. If this be true of men, with how much more force can the principle be applied to the education of females, whose habits, we regret to say, have been more widely warped by fashion and false custom, in respect to health and education, than those of the other sex.

We have promised to speak of mental education, and in doing so we remark, first, that as the continued education of the body is necessary, that of the mind should be conducted in such a manner, and with such speed only as comports with health. The female temperament is usually more active, and the mind more susceptible, than those of the male. Consequently females usually learn faster, become excited by the praise bestowed upon their excellences in scholarship, and hence the extra exertion of the nervous system, and the superinduced sedentary habit which still closer application to study involves, shatters their constitutions at a very early age. Your fat, awkward, red-faced girl, who loves the bracing breezes, fun and frolic in the open air, more than books, is not likely to be injured by the above influences. At sixteen her mind will ripen and expand, and at twenty she will be a good scholar. But the little, delicate, susceptible girl, with thin, sharp features, expanded forehead, large, intelligent blue eyes, with a strong endowment of the love of approbation, is the very one to be driven almost to madness in mental activity. She bends soul and body over her books, becomes a prodigy in education, and her friends, misguided teacher, and all, lavish praises upon her educational superiority, which only serves to inflame her brain, and add fuel to that fire which is consuming her vitality and preparing her for the tomb. Not in school only does she struggle on in the mental pathway,—she is not only permitted but encouraged to take her books home, to con her lessons late and early; or if she is permitted a moment's respite from her books, it is to be shown up in company as an intellectual pet, and to listen to adulations of her great achievements and her mental brilliancy. Such gifted, hot-house plants are regarded as the special favorites of heaven, and if they be so, is it strange that the maxim found believers, that

"Those whom the gods love, die young?"

We need not say that such children should be held back in mental exercise, nor that they are the very ones who are always crowded onward, by approval and encouragement at least, if not by direct requirement. They will crowd themselves, if it be not done by parent and teacher. The proper course is to check mental, and promote physical activity.

This, we are aware, is a picture of one class of constitutions, but it unfortunately is a very large class, and a class that we are particularly anxious to save from the errors of education, to save from derangement of constitution, and from the grave. And in nine cases in ten of precocious nervous and mental development, it can be done. Educate their bodies first and continually, and their minds secondarily, as they can bear it, and we might then see genius enthroned as on a pedestal of granite, to bless the world with its heat and light, to a ripe old age. What a sad fact, that the brightest and best of our females must be blighted and sent to early graves by misdirected education!

Another error in female education, is that which cultivates the showy and æsthetic faculties of the mind, and leaves the more solid, common-sense elements undeveloped. Elegant accomplishments, that glitter and dazzle, are placed in the foreground of female culture, as if their only errand in life was to be placed in a social conservatory, as we do a rare flower, to bloom in the soft atmosphere of perpetual admiration. Hence drawing, painting, dancing, French, music, botany, ornamental needle-work, dress, and a useless round of ladyism, constitute the bulk of the popular idea of a finished female education. Do females lack reasoning power! If so, then give them no scientific study that demands it. Is she made up entirely of the literary faculties, with imitation, ideality, approbativeness, and the social qualities! If so, give her a fashionable education, and you will call those faculties into activity, and almost no other. Indeed, she will be but half developed, and that half which makes her weak, helpless, and dependent; a tinsel ornament, rather than a calm, earnest, common-sense companion, counselor, and helpmate for man.

As woman is now educated, she is taught to be a creature of impulse and sympathy, an elegant toy.—We see no good reason why she should not be endowed with sound, consecutive, reasoning power, for if any being on earth needs wisdom, judgment, reflection, and a well-disciplined intellect combined with strong affection, and elevated refinement of taste and feeling, it is she who is to mould the character of the family which is to control the church, state, and the business world in the next generation.

Let females be taught chemistry; for who, more than those who compound the food of the world, need it. Let them study physiology, for they have the charge of the clothing, feeding, and health of the world. Those who have the care of the ventilation, the warming and regimen of our homes, can not be too well versed in those sciences which alone can furnish the bride with just qualifications for those important responsibilities.

We are aware that thirty years' experience will teach many of the lessons of domestic economy, but we would have all science bearing on every-day life taught to girls, so that when they launch forth for themselves on the sea of life, they may have the chart and compass of a correct education to guide their course to a successful life-voyage. Why should a person be a lifetime learning the laws that govern health, and only learn by sad experience how to conduct the physical and moral management of the young when they have grandchildren to exercise that knowledge upon? Knowledge is better late than never in coming, but we would not have it deferred until a generation of mental and physical constitutions are ruined, and one half a generation are made tenants of short graves.

Let females be well instructed in arithmetic, mathematics, and natural philosophy, book-keeping, domestic economy, and history, with logic and metaphysics, for who, more than a mother, needs all the solid stores of learning and thought to manage a family and fill her stations in society? Give her these, for she has talent to appreciate and use them; her true sphere demands their exercise, and she will cease to be deemed a frivolous, fitful, useless butterfly. It is a wonder that her education has not spoiled her. If she were not the better half of creation, she could not have endured so much bad management, and still be deemed worthy of adoration.

A Broken Home.

BY IK. MARVEL.

It is Nelly's own fair hand, yet sadly blotted—blotted with her tears, and with yours.

"It's all over, dear, dear Clarence! Oh! how I wish you were here to mourn with us! I can hardly now believe that our poor mother is indeed dead.

For a week she had been failing every day; but on Saturday we thought her much better. I told her I felt sure she would live to see you again.

'I shall never see him again, Nelly,' said she, bursting into tears."

Ah, Clarence, where is your youthful pride and strength now? with only that frail paper to annoy you crushed in your grasp!

"She sent for our father, and taking his hand in hers, she told him she was dying. I am glad you did not see his grief. I was kneeling beside her and she put her hand upon my head and let it rest there for a moment, while her lips moved as if she were weeping.

'Kiss me, Nelly,' said she, growing fainter, 'kiss me again for Clarence.'

A little while after, she died."

For a long time you remain with only that letter and your thoughts for company. You pace up and down your chamber; again you seat yourself, and lay your head upon the table, enfeebled by the very grief which you cherish still. The whole day passes thus; you have not the heart to tell the story of your troubles.

Ten days after, you are walking towards the old homestead with such feelings as it never called up before. In the days of boyhood there were triumphant thoughts of gladness and pride with which, when grown to the stature of manhood, you would come back to that little town of your birth. As you have bent with dreamy resolution over the task of the cloister life, sweet thoughts have flocked on you of the proud step, and prudent heart, with which you would one day greet the old acquaintances of boyhood; you have regaled yourself on the jaunty manner with which you would meet the old Doctor Bidlow, and the patronizing air with which you would address the pretty, blue-eyed Madge.

It is late in the afternoon when you come in sight of the tall sycamores that shade your home; you shudder now lest you meet any one you once knew. The first grief of youth seeks little sympathy of companions; it lies with a sensitive man, bound within the narrowest circle of the heart. They only who hold the key to its innermost recesses can speak consolation. Years will make a change—as the summer grows fiercely hot, the balminess of the violet banks of spring is lost in the odors of a thousand flowers—the heart, as it gains in age, loses freshness and wins breadth.

Throw a pebble into the brook, in its course, and the agitation is terrible, and the ripples chase madly their narrow banks; throw in a pebble when the brook has become a river, and you see a few circles widening, until they are lost in the gentle, every day murmur of its life.

You draw your hat over your eyes, as you walk toward that familiar door; the yard is silent; the night falling gloomily; a few katydids are crying in the trees. The mother's windows where at such a season as this, it was your custom to see her watching your play, is shut, and the blinds closed over it. The honey-suckle which grew much, has flung its branches carelessly, and the spiders have hung their foul nets upon its tendrils.

And she who made that so dear to your boyhood, so real to your after years, standing amid all the flights of your youthful ambition, and your cares, (for they seem paltry now) and your doubts, anxieties, and weaknesses of heart—like the light of your hopes—burning over there, under the shadow of the sycamore, a holy beacon, by whose guidance you always came to a sweet haven, and to a refuge from all your toils, is gone—gone forever.

The father is here, indeed, beloved, respected, esteemed; but the boyish heart, whose old life is now reviving, leans more readily, more kindly, into the void where once beat the heart of a mother.

"Clarence!" "Nelly!"

There are no other words: but you feel her tears as the kiss of welcome is given. With your hand joined in her's, you walk down the space into the old familiar hall; not with the jaunty college step, not with any presumption on your dawning manhood; oh, nothing of this!

Quietly, meekly feeling your own heart shattered, your mind as feeble as a boy's and your purposes nothing, and worse than nothing—with a proud feeling, you fling your arm around the form of that gentle sister—the pride of a protector—the feeling—"I will care for you now, dear Nelly!" that is all. And even that, proud as it is, brings weakness.

You sit down together on the lounge, Nelly buries her face in her hands, sobbing.

"Dear Nelly," and your arm clasps her more fondly.

There is a cricket in the corner of the room, chirping very loudly; it seems as if nothing else were living—only Nelly, Clarence, and the noisy cricket—Your eyes fall on the chair where she used to sit, it is drawn up with the same care as ever, beside the fire.

"I am so glad to see you, Clarence," Nelly says, recovering herself; and there is a sweet sad smile now. And sitting there beside you, she tells you of all—of the day, and of the hour, and how she looked, and of her last prayer, and how happy she was.

"And did she leave no message for me, Nelly?"

"Not to forget us, Clarence: but you could not!"

"Thank you Nelly; but was there nothing else?"

"Yes, Clarence; to meet her one day!"

You only press her hand.

Presently your father comes in. He greets you with far more than his usual cordiality. He keeps your hand a long time, looking in your face as if he were reading traces of some resemblances that had never struck him before.

The father is one of those calm, impassive men, who show little upon the surface, and whose feelings you have always thought cold. But now there is a tremulousness in his tones that you never remember observing before. He seems conscious of it himself, and forbears talking. He goes to his old seat, and after gazing at you a little while with the same steadfastness as at first, leans forward and buries his face in his hands.

From that very moment you feel a sympathy and a love for him that you have never known till then. And in after years, when suffering or trial come over you, and when your thoughts, fly, as to a refuge in that shattered home, you will recall that stooping image of the father, with his head bowed, and from time to time tremble convulsively with grief, and feel that there remains yet by the household fires a kindred love and a kindred sorrow!

Nelly steals away from you gently, and stepping across the room, lays her hand upon his shoulder with a touch that says as plain as words could say—"We are here father."

And he rouses himself, passes his arm around her, looks in her face fondly, draws her to him and prints a kiss on her forehead.

Nell, we must love each other now more than ever."

Nelly's lips tremble, but she cannot answer; a tear or two go streaming down her cheek.

You approach them, and your father takes your hand again with a firm grasp, looks at you thoughtfully, drops his eyes upon the fire, and for a moment there is a pause—"We are quite one now, my boy!"

It is a broken home.

The Impatience and Despair of Young Life.—We contemplate with much amusement the numbers of worthy, middle-aged individuals, cheerful, respectable authors, or hard-working men of business—merry old bachelors, or happy fathers of families—all of whom were in their youth the wretchedest of mortals, talking perpetually of 'misery' and 'self destruction.' It seems most ridiculous now, but it was awfully real at the time. It is no more than a phase of the mind which almost every one goes through, (except those worthies untroubled with any brains at all who generally pass through life quite comfortably, and are the most [illegible] of others, whose spirits must meet and endure this bitter ordeal, they should be dealt with tenderly, and borne with patiently until the trouble ends. It is the finer portion of all finer natures; the restless want, the vague aspiring, the perpetually striving for perfection in poetic dreamings—idle love fancies, inconstant as air, each seeking after something diviner or more beautiful, which is never found; in knowledge, or in the frenzied dissipation of pleasure, all alike ending in nothing, until the only truth of life seems to be that bitterest one of Solomon, the Preacher, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!' This is, perhaps, the story of every human mind in which shines one spark of the fire of genius; the story's beginning, but thank God! not necessarily its end. Many a great strong spirit has passed—and all can pass—out of the cloudy void into a clear day. Shakespeare, who must once have felt, or he could not have painted young Hamlet, reached at last the summit where in the universal poet we lose all traces of the individual man; and he who once wrote 'The Sorrows of Wertzer,' lived to be the great Goethe, who, from the lofty calm of eighty-two years, could look back on what was, as near as any human life could be, a perfect and fulfilled existence.—*The Head of the Family.*

Beautiful Experiment.—It has long been known to Physiologists, says the *N. Y. Recorder*, that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals with their food, possessed the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder, and instances are recorded of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when Mons. Rollin, speculated on what might be the consequences of administering colored food to silk worms just before they began spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain portions of the mulberry leaves serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful; he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by silk worms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty in finding such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted upon the *Bignois chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silk worms consumed the mixture and produced red silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk as secreted by the worm of many other colors.

"Heaven save me from my friends," if such they call themselves;—men who will walk into the legislative halls, & too far gone in inebriation to stand upright without the aid of their desks, will make the law that is to govern me and my household.

How long, O! how long, is woman to rest satisfied with such rulers! How long will she fold her hands and say, "we have rights enough!" Is it not strange Mrs Bloomer, that our women cannot see where they stand! The Whig will not willingly allow his own brother to legislate for him, if he chance to stand antagonistical in his political faith. The Democrat would repudiate his own father if he were a Whig. Neither would feel that their rights or interests were safe for one moment in the hands of the other. And yet these two great parties turn to us with scorn upon their lips and contempt in their hearts, because we fear longer to trust those who have made such miserable failures in legislating justly for us, even while they are themselves, many of them, becoming aware of their insufficiency, and are crying out to us, "help or we perish." In the cause of Common Schools, of Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Agriculture, they are praying our aid. They have more for us to do than we are ready to perform—only they must "boss the job." But how long will it take our women, who pay their fees as members of societies, and vote their ayes and nays, to learn that they have interest elsewhere; and to learn too, that it is not exactly in accordance with their true dignity of character—their humanity, or their womanhood to be used or set aside, as it pleases their self-constituted law-givers!—*Mrs Frances D. Gage.*

SCENE IN THE BACKWOODS.

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH," BY MRS. MOODIE.

Still, with all these misfortunes, Providence watched over us in a signal manner. We were never left entirely without food. Like the widow's cruise of oil, our means, though small, were never suffered to cease entirely. We had been some days without meat, when Moodie came running in for his gun. A great she-bear was in the wheat-field at the edge of the wood, very busily employed in helping to harvest the crop. There was but one bullet, and a charge or two of buck-shot, in the house; but Moodie started to the wood with the single bullet in his gun, followed by a little terrier dog that belonged to John E——. Old Jenny was busy at the wash-tub, but the moment she saw her master running up the clearing, and knew the cause, she left her work, and snatching up the carving knife, ran after him, that in case the bear should have the best of the fight, she would be there to help "the masther." Finding her shoes incommoded her, she flung them off, in order to run faster.—Few minutes after, came the report of the gun, and I heard Moodie hallo to E——, who was cutting stakes for a fence in the wood. I hardly thought it possible that he could have killed the bear but I ran to the door to listen. The children were all excitement, which the sight of the black monster, borne down the clearing upon two poles, increased to the wildest demonstrations of joy. Moodie and John were carrying the prize, and old Jenny, brandishing her carving-knife, followed in the rear.

The rest of the evening was spent in skinning and [illegible] up and salting the huge creature, which filled a barrel with excellent meat, in flavor resembling beef, while the short grain and juicy nature of the fish gave to it the tenderness of mutton. This was quite a Godsend, and lasted us until we were able to kill two large, fat hogs, in the fall.

A few nights after, Moodie and I encountered the mate of Mrs. Bruin, while returning from a visit to Emilia, in the depth of the wood.

We had been invited to meet our friend's father and mother, who had come up on a short visit to the woods; and the evening passed away so pleasantly that it was near midnight before the little party of friends separated. The moon was down. The wood through which we had to return, was very dark; the ground being low and swampy, and the trees thick and tall. There was, in particular, one very ugly spot, where a small creek crossed the road. This creek could only be passed by foot-passengers scrambling over a fallen tree, which, in a dark night, was not very easy to find. I begged a torch of Mr. M——; but no torch could be found. Emilia laughed at my fears; still, knowing what a coward I was in the bush of a night, she found up about an inch of candle, which was all that remained from the evening's entertainment. This she put into an old lantern.

"It will not last you long; but it will carry you over the creek."

This was something gained, and off we set. It was a solitary red spark in the intense surrounding darkness, and scarcely served to show us the path. We went chatting along, talking over the news of the evening, Hector running on before us, when I saw a pair of eyes glare upon us from the edge of the swamp, with the green, bright light emitted by the eyes of a cat.

"Did you see those terrible eyes, Moodie?" and I clung, trembling, to his arm.

"What eyes?" said he, feigning ignorance. "It's too dark to see any thing. The light is nearly gone and, if you don't quicken your pace, and cross the tree before it goes out, you will, perhaps, get your feet wet by falling into the creek."

"Good heavens! I saw them again; and do just look at the dog."

Hector stopped suddenly, and stretching himself along the ground, his nose resting between his fore-paws, began to whine and tremble. Presently he ran back to us, and crept under our feet. The cracking of branches, and heavy tread of some large animal, sounded close beside us.

Moodie turned the open lantern in the direction from whence the sounds came, and shouted as loud as he could, at the same time endeavoring to urge forward the fear-stricken dog, whose cowardice was only equalled by my own.

Just at that critical moment the wick of the candle flickered a moment in the socket, and expired. We were left, in perfect darkness, alone with the bear—for such we supposed the animal to be.

My heart beat audibly; a cold perspiration was streaming down my face, but I neither shrieked nor attempted to run. I don't know how Moodie got me over the creek. One of my feet got into the water, but, expecting, as I did every moment, to be devoured by master Bruin, that was a thing of no consequence. My husband was laughing at my fears, and every now and then he turned towards our companion, who continued following us at no great distance, and gave him an encouraging shout. Glad enough was I when I saw the gleam of the light from our little cabin window shine out among the trees; and, the moment I got within the clearing, I ran, without stopping until I was safely within the house. John was sitting up for us, nursing Donald. He listened with great interest to our adventure with the bear, and thought that Bruin was very good to let us escape without one affectionate hug.

"Perhaps it would have been otherwise had he known, Moodie, that you had not only killed his good lady, but were dining sumptuously off her carcass every day."

The bear was determined to have something in return for the loss of his wife. Several nights after this, our slumbers were disturbed, about midnight, by an awful yell, and old Jenny shook violently at our chamber door.

"Masther, masther, dear!—Get up wid you this moment, or the bear will destroy the cattle intirely."

Half asleep, Moodie sprang from his bed, seized his gun, and ran out. I threw my large cloak round me, struck a light, and followed him to the door. The moment the latter was unclosed, some calves that we were rearing, rushed into the kitchen, closely followed by the larger beasts, who came bellowing headlong down the hill, pursued by the bear.

It was a laughable scene, as shown by that paltry tallow saddle. Moodie, in his night-shirt, taking aim at something in the darkness, surrounded by the terrified animals; old Jenny, with a large knife in her hand, holding on to the white skirts of her master's garment, making outcry loud enough to frighten away all the wild beasts in the bush—herself almost in a state of nudity.

"Och, maisther, dear! don't timpt the ill-conditioned crathur wid charging too near; think of the wife and the childer. Let me come at the ramaging baste, an I'll stick the knife into the heart of him."

Moodie fired. The bear retreated up the clearing with a low growl. Moodie and Jenny pursued him

Cuba and Canada.

From the Debate in the Senate on Tuesday, Jan. 19, on Cass' Cuba Resolution.

Mr. Hale.—While, therefore, we are looking with such anxious eyes at Cuba, while we are speculating upon possible and remote contingencies of how that portion of our commerce is to be affected which finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico and the mouth of the Mississippi River—I say while we are looking at these possible and remote contingencies in relation to the island of Cuba, I ask those gentlemen who live on the northern coast—those gentlemen who are liable to be waked up in the night by the sound of British cannon on British shores—if it is not worth while to turn the attention of our northern borders, to see how the naval and military resources of Canada, in case we have a collision with the British Government, may effect the position, and the safety and the prosperity of that vast community which borders those lakes and those waters which divide between us and Canada! Is it not as well to intimate to Great Britain that she shall not sell Canada? She may say she has no idea of it. I do not know that. She has never been offered a hundred millions of dollars for it, and it will be time enough, I think, to sit down in safety and security under the impression that Great Britain will upon no consideration part with Canada, when she has refused a hundred million dollars for it. At least, would it not be well, while we are serving notices on all the world of what we mean and of what we intend, to pick out somebody that, in the event anticipated, will be very likely to be our antagonists!

I have not time, Mr. President, to go into the details and statistics of these measures, by showing what the intimate and exact state of our commercial relations with these people is, but it is very great and very vast; and I think that while we are declaring to Spain what we will and what we will not submit to in relation to Cuba, it is time to look North a little, and ask the citizens of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and all these States—and Michigan, yes, I like to have forgotten Michigan, [Laughter]—I appeal to the citizens of all those States, [illegible] of it, is not worth while to pass a little of that watchful vigilance that has been so freely extended southward, towards the north! Why, Sir, the Honorable Senator from Michigan is in favor of extension and annexation. So am I. But, Sir, I am in favor of having a *little* extension northward.

It is a very remarkable fact in our history, Mr. President, that whenever we have made a treaty that related to our northern boundaries, we have always cut off, and when we have negotiated a treaty relative to our southern boundaries we have taken on. Now that may be accidental—probably it is entirely so.—[Laughter.] But, Sir, there is one thing that must be said of it—it is a remarkable coincidence, very.—[Laughter.]

I was saying that it was a remarkable fact in regard to all our negotiations concerning territories, that whenever they related to Northern territory we gave up, and to Southern territory we took. And I will make another remark in reference to those who are so continually looking at the military aspect of these things. Sir, what did you sell out part of the State of Maine for? What did Great Britain want of it?—She did not want to colonize it. She only wanted a military road—only wanted the means of annoying this country in time of war, whenever there was a conflict between the two nations; and we, in the exercise of that Christian meekness, I suppose, which becomes a Christian people, sold out our own territory on this side of the St. Lawrence, to which every department of this Government was pledged to maintain that it was ours, and which was so palpably ours that we could not negotiate it away—sold it to Great Britain, who at the time she bought it of us wanted it just for a military road between her provinces on the Atlantic and Canada. Now, Sir, if there ever had been a time to maintain the Monroe doctrince, I think that was a good one.

But that is not the whole history of the North.—The North is a large country, Mr. President, although it does not make much noise on this floor, it is a large country. But how was it on the Oregon question? Our title to that territory, I suppose nobody will deny, unless he means to deny the Polk and Monroe doctrine. Our title to that was clear and indispensable. Well, what did we do? We gave Great Britain three hundred thousand square miles of our indisputable territory for the very purpose of colonization. Now, according to the doctrines we have had proclaimed this morning, if Mexico or any other country on earth that has possessions on this continent, had undertaken to sell 300,000 square miles of territory, it would have been a cause of war on the part of the United States against the country that bought it. But, Sir, we did not sell it; we are clear of that—we only gave it to Great Britain.

Then, once more, in reference to the Islands that lie off the coast—we just gave Great Britain Vancouver's Island, which commands the mouth of the Oregon River.

That is the history of the negotiations of this country, so far as the North is concerned, in reference to territory; and I say now to the people of the North and representatives of the North, that your commerce lies infinitely more at the mercy of Great Britain today than it would if Great Britain owned every one of the West India Islands, and was without her possessions at the North. And I wonder why these gentlemen who are so fond of looking at our interest southward do not look at the Bahamas. I understand from these gentlemen who are conversant with the matter that those islands are situated in such a position as more effectually to command the commerce of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico than even Cuba itself, and that the course of navigation is such as to bring the commerce that goes into these seas through them more directly—that is, within the reach of the Bahama Islands—than the Island of Cuba. Why don't we notify Great Britain that she shall not sell the Bahamas!

A Senator.—And Jamaica.

Mr. Hale.—And Jamaica. Imagination can hardly conceive what this country would be—what an era of internal improvements, of progress, and of prosperity would open upon this continent—if the Canadas, bordering the Lakes upon the north, were united to this country. Why, Sir, it would lessen the necessities of your preparations for war one half if those lakes and that country belonged to us instead of belonging to Great Britain. And why not make some timely effort?—Why not utter some timely warning? Why not give some notice in regard to that country, where we have a real and vital interest, and where the danger is not remote and contingent, but where it is close at hand, and where we have felt it once in war with Great Britain! We have felt something of the evils of the contiguity of Canada to the United States.

It is in this view that I want to call the attention of the Senate and the country and the people to our relations with Canada as well as Cuba. Why are we going off the continent—why are we going abroad—why are we going to the islands of the sea, when right here at our own doors, in our very midst there is a country that possesses the means of annoying you infinitely more than Cuba ever can? I, Sir, will not put myself in a position by which I may be subjected to the suspicion of intimating that it is because Great Britain has more means and ability to defend her possessions than Spain has. It must be something else. We are not so much of the bully and braggart that we may presume upon the weakness of a nation to tell them that they shall not do a thing, when we dare not tell another nation stronger than that, that she shall not do a like thing which would injure us infinitely more.

Mr. President, the Honorable Senator from Michigan says we have reached an epoch in our history: Well, Sir, I have heard of epoch before. Let me tell him an anecdote. I [illegible] to be present about the time of the removal of the deposits by Gen. Jackson; and a young man who was present at the party was full of indignation at the deed, and denounced it as at war with every principle of our Government, and one that would be likely to overthrow it. A sagacious old gentleman who was there threw cold water on the subject. The young man said, "Sir, I consider this the very crisis of our experiment." The old man replied, "I have been living in crises all my life." Well, Sir, that is just the way with this country. We have been living in an epoch from the beginning of the Government, and I think we may be denominated as a people of epochs. [Laughter.] They come upon us every day and every hour. Why, Sir, the epoch of to-day will be succeeded by the epoch of to-morrow, and one will make about as much impression as the other.

The Honorable Senator from Michigan has found food for his remarks in some comments which he has seen in a Buffalo newspaper. I don't read newspapers, Sir, and that is the reason why I don't make so many of these visionary speeches as a great many people do. [Laughter.] That is the reason, too, why my remarks are always so practical. [Laughter.]

But there was one remark which fell from him that pained me. All the rest I was gratified at. He says there is no people on the globe that evinces such a want of patriotism as this people.

Mr. Cass.—I beg pardon—I said there was no country where there were so many persons, unfortunately, who evinced a want of patriotism.

Mr. Hale.—There was no country on the face of the globe where there were so many people that evinced a want of patriotism as this country. I confess I do not see the difference; but the honorable Senator does, and therefore I will give him the full credit of it. But I think that, in cooler moments, when the impulses of warm blood have subsided, and the reflection of maturity comes to that Senator, he will regret that remark, [laughter,] because it is an imputation upon the motives of our fellow-citizens which I think he will not indulge.

This is a country where freedom of opinion is tolerated to a very great, and, as some gentlemen think, to an alarming extent. It is a country where freedom of opinion finds vent in freedom of words to a very remarkable extent, as we have had illustrated to-day; and it would not be astonishing if, in a country of free thought and free speech, there should at times be sentiments uttered not at all in accordance with the opinions of the majority as to what patriotism may require. But I think that a discreet degree of candor and charity will induce us all to do credit to those who differ from us; and if they do not think as we do, we may at least, if we cannot with candor, with charity believe that although they do not see as we do, they are yet none the less friends of their country, true, just and patriotic.

I have one word more to say—and when I use the term "word," I use it in the Pickwickian sense—[laughter] in the sense in which it is used in the Senate, giving it the meaning which I believe a distinguished friend of ours—now no longer in this body—a Senator from Mississipi [Mr. Foote] gave to the word. I have a word to say about the destiny of the country, about which so much has been said. The honorable Senator from Michigan qualifies it, and says he will not speak of manifest destiny, but he says he don't want to circumscribe it. We want room; there is hardly room enough for us; the country is too narrow. With the Atlantic on one side, and the Pacific on the other, and the Gulf of Mexico for a wash-basin, the domain is rather circumscribed for such a progressive people as we are.—Sir, I dissent from that sentiment. I do not think that our progress should be in getting more territory, until we have improved what we have got. I do not think that our desires should be to get more people, until we educate, improve and refine our own—aye, Sir, until we give to those of them who are homeless, homes from the vast and immense territory which we now possess. And we don't want any more territory. Our business and our mission are at home. It is to improve upon our own advantages; it is to advance; it is to elevate and ameliorate the condition of mankind; it is to show the despots of the old world by the practical results which are to follow from the experiment which we are making, that the institutions under which we live are those that are most eminently calculated to advance the highest interests of man, and subserve the great purposes of social and civilized society. That is it. It is by the arts of peace, by the multiplication of means of internal communication by railroads and canals, by commerce, by education, by the general diffusion of information, and by all the means which our abundant wealth and power give us, that we are doing what we can to demonstrate to the world that, so far as the great purposes of the Creator may be understood in the creation of man and placing him on this globe to work out the great experiment of human probation, here are embodied and here are concentrated the most favorable circumstances for that experiment which the world has ever seen.

We are not to be the knight errants of the world, to go abroad over the continents of the earth and the islands of the sea, proclaiming the Gospel of our liberty, and fulminating the penalty of our sword against